

The Dying Year.

Wrinkled with age and wan,
His care-worn form appeared,
Like a spectre hast'ning past,
Ghastly gloomy and weird:
The unerring glass of Time gives no re-
spite,
Nor pleasant thoughts, that scenes of
earth invite.

Pierce driven by wintry winds,
The Low'ring rifted cloud,
O'er the Dying Year has thrown,
A frost-wreathed snowy shroud,
Low o'er his couch of fallen leaves, alone
Is heard his requiem, the wild winds
moan.

Soon will the dial of Time,
Point to the joyous hours,
Of Spring and Summers glow,
When zephyrs fan the flowers,
The autumnal fruits, and the golden store
Of harvest, that into the garner pour.

P. B. W.